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A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF
THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

AND

PARTICULARLY OF THE HOSTILE TRIBES
OF THE PLAINS; PRINCIPAL INDIAN EVENTS SINCE 1862;
CAUSES OF INDIAN WARS; INDIAN ATROCITIES AND WESTERN REPRISALS;
AND WAR OF EXTERMINATION NOW BEING WAGED
BETWEEN THE WHITE AND RED MEN

BEING

AN INTRODUCTION TO COL. R. F. DODGE'S

'HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE GREAT WEST'

BY

WILLIAM BLACKMORE



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THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE truism that 'good wine needs no bush,' is equally applicable to the fact that a good book requires no introduction. In the present instance, I have been induced to depart from this sound maxim at the instance of the publishers, who, from my bibliographical and personal knowledge of the Aborigines of North America, have requested me to give a brief sketch of some of the principal Indian tribes, referred to in this book; the chief events of the last fifteen years; and the probable fate of the red man. With reference to my knowledge of the North American Indians, I may mention that during the last thirty years it has been my constant effort to collect and read all that has been written relative to these Aborigines, whilst during the last eight years I have personally had opportunities of seeing in their own homes some of the principal tribes between the British Possessions and Lake Superior in the North, and the Indian territory in the South; the Great Missouri and Mississippi Rivers in the East, and the Pacific in the West. During the latter period it has been my good fortune to number amongst my acquaintances some of the principal chiefs of several of the most important tribes, amongst whom I can name 'Red Cloud,' 'Red Dog,' and 'Two Lance,' three of the principal chiefs of the Ogallalla Sioux; 'Spotted Tail,' head chief of the Brulé Sioux; 'Ouray,' the head chief of the Utes; 'Washakie,' the principal chief of the Shoshones; 'Little Raven' and

'Bird Chief,' principal chiefs of the Arrapahoes; 'Little Robe,' head chief of the Cheyennes; in addition to which there are many of the leading chiefs and warriors of the Kiowas and Comanches, Osages, River and Mountain Crows, Pawnees, Apaches, Navajoz and Pueblo Indians, who are personally well known to me.

DESTRUCTION OF BUFFALO.

But before referring to the Indian tribes, I desire to add my testimony to that of Colonel Dodge as to the wholesale and wanton destruction, during the last few years, of the buffalo. When one reads of the total destruction during the three years (1872-3 and 4) of four millions and a half of the 'Black Cattle of Illinois,' out of which number upwards of three millions have been killed for the mere sake of their hides, it is at first almost impossible to realise what this slaughter represents, and how much good and nutritious animal food, which would have fed the red men as well as the hardy settlers of the 'Great West,' has been wasted.

The figures speak for themselves. When in the West in 1872, I satisfied myself by personal inquiries that the number of buffalo then being annually slaughtered for their hides was at least one million per annum. In the autumn of 1868, whilst crossing the Plains on the Kansas Pacific Railroad—for a distance of upwards of 120 miles, between Ellsworth and Sheridan, we passed through an almost unbroken herd of buffalo. The Plains were blackened with them, and more than once the train had to stop to allow unusually large herds to pass. A few years afterwards, when travelling over the same line of railroad, it was a rare sight to see a few herds of from ten to twenty buffalo. A like result took place still further southwards, between the Arkansas and

Cimarron Rivers. In 1872, whilst on a scout for about a hundred miles south of Fort Dodge to the Indian territory, we were never out of sight of buffalo. In the following autumn, on travelling over the same district, whilst the whole country was whitened with bleached and bleaching bones, we did not meet with buffalo until we were well into the Indian territory, and then only in scanty bands. During this autumn, when riding some thirty to forty miles along the north bank of the Arkansas River to the East of Fort Dodge, there was a continuous line of putrescent carcasses, so that the air was rendered pestilential and offensive to the last degree. The hunters had formed a line of camps along the banks of the river, and had shot down the buffalo, night and morning, as they came to drink. In order to give an idea of the number of these carcasses, it is only necessary to mention that I counted sixty-seven on one spot not covering four acres.

But this great loss of good and wholesome animal food, all of which with a little judgment and foresight could have been utilised, will be better understood by reference to the statistics of cattle in other countries. On reference to the official agricultural returns of Great Britain, the United Kingdom, British Possessions, and Foreign countries, it will be seen that the wanton and wasteful slaughter for the three years in question (and in making the comparison I am keeping to the *illegitimate* slaughter for hides, and not *legitimate* slaughter for food) swept away more buffalo than there are cattle in Holland and Belgium, or as many as three-fourths of the cattle in Ireland, or one-half of those in Great Britain.

The result, therefore, would be the same as if a fearful murrain in one year had destroyed the whole of the cattle in Holland and Belgium, or, in the same time, if either three-fourths of the cattle of Ireland, or one-half

of those of Great Britain, had been swept away by a plague as great as that of Egypt.

The citizens of the United States will better realise this great waste, if they consider that this destruction amounted annually to more than double the number of the annual drives of cattle from Texas, which range from 350,000 to 500,000 head per annum; or that it would have been the same during the three years as if half the cattle of Texas or all the cattle in Canada had been carried off by some dire disease.

The mere loss of food, however, is not the only evil which has resulted from this wanton wastefulness. Many of the wild Indians of the Plains, deprived of their ordinary sustenance, Government rations not being forthcoming, and driven to desperation by starvation, have taken to the war path; so that during the present war many of the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, and some of the young braves from the friendly 'Red Cloud' and 'Spotted Tail' agencies have left their reservations, and joined the hostile Sioux under 'Sitting Bull.' The hardy settler and pioneer of the Plains who always looked to the buffalo for his winter supply of meat, has been deprived of this resource, and complains most bitterly of this slaughter for pelts.

In 1873, when the settlers in Kansas were suffering from the destruction of their crops by the ravages of the grasshoppers, troops were considerably sent by the Government to the Republicans to kill meat for the starving families. When the soldiers arrived, however, at their hunting-grounds, there was but little meat for them to kill, as the 'buffalo skinners' had anticipated them and had slaughtered nearly every buffalo in the district.

With the great economy endeavoured to be introduced into each department of the Government of the United States, it is difficult to understand how the Execu-

tive, whilst they enforce a heavy tax upon each seal which may be killed in Alaska, has neglected to avail themselves of such a fruitful source of revenue as that which might be derived from buffalo pelts. A tax of \$5 on each skin, which could have been easily imposed and collected, under heavy penalties and forfeiture of all buffalo skins not having the Government duty stamp thereon, would realise not less than \$1,000,000 per annum, even supposing that the number of buffalo annually killed for their skins were only 200,000 in lieu of upwards of a million. A tax of this amount would have realised upwards of fifteen millions of dollars on the buffalo ruthlessly slaughtered for their hides.

I suggested this remedy at the time, but, although referred to by the press, it was not attended to, and it is now almost too late. It is of little use 'to lock the stable door after the steed has been stolen.'

Such a tax, moreover, would have been fair and equitable; as it is not reasonable that a few needy citizens should monopolise for their own private benefit the public property of the State. If the same principle were carried out with regard to the public lands, timber, and mines, a few citizens of the United States, similar in character to the buffalo skinners before referred to, would take more than the lion's share of the public property.

THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.

The number of Indians of all descriptions at present inhabiting the United States is estimated at about 300,000. Two centuries ago they numbered upwards of two millions. Everywhere, and amongst all tribes, with the exception, perhaps, of the Dakotahs or Sioux, they are rapidly decreasing in numbers. This decrease arises from various causes; amongst the principal of which may be mentioned

contagious diseases, intemperance, and wars, both amongst themselves and with the whites. The steady and resistless emigration of white men into the territories of the West, restricts the Indians yearly to still narrower limits, and, destroying the game, which in their normal state constituted their principal means of subsistence, reduces them to a state of semi-starvation and desperation. The records of every tribe tell the same story of their gradual decrease and probable extinction.

The Indians of the United States are placed under the management of the Indian Bureau, a branch of the Interior Department of the Government, and are governed by means of superintendents and agents especially appointed for this purpose, the department being divided into superintendencies and agencies.

There are fourteen superintendencies, viz. Washington, California, Arizona, Oregon, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Colorado, Idaho, Dakotah, Montana, Northern, Central, and Southern; whilst there are several independent agencies.

In California, Washington, and Oregon territories there are about 50,000 Indians.

Arizona and New Mexico contain a like number, consisting principally of the *Navajoes*, *Apaches*, and *Pueblo* Indians.

Nevada, Utah, and Colorado contain about 35,000, consisting of the different tribes of *Utes*, *Shoshones* or *SNAKE* Indians, and *Bannocks*.

Dakotah, Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, the homes of the *Dakotah* or *Sioux*, *Black-feet*, and *Blood* Indians, contain about 70,000 of the most warlike and uncivilised Indians of the Plains; whilst the Indian territory which is situated to the west of the State of Arkansas and between Texas and Kansas, contains about 70,000, consisting principally of the semi-civilised tribes, including the

Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Osages, Seminoles, Winnebagoes, Pawnees, Pottawatomies, and the Sacs and Foxes.

The wild *Kiowas* and *Comanches*, and the *Arrapahoes* and *Cheyennes*, who, with some of the bands of the *Dakotahs*, inhabit the country lying between the west of the Indian territory and the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, number about 10,000.

In addition to the tribes previously enumerated, there are also the *Chippewas*, or *Ojibbeways*, numbering some 20,000, who roam about the shores of Lake Superior and the banks of the Upper Mississippi; whilst the *New York* Indians, consisting of the remnants of the celebrated *Six Nations*, together with other miscellaneous wandering tribes, number less than 10,000.

No satisfactory classification of the Indian tribes has yet been made. That, however, which has been most generally adopted is the following:—

1. The *Algonquin* or *Ojibbeway Confederacy* occupied all the country to the frozen regions, north of a line commencing near Cape Fear, on the Atlantic, thence extending westerly to the mouth of the Illinois River, thence along that river and by way of Lake Michigan, Falls of St. Mary, Lake Superior, and rivers and portages to the Lake of the Woods, and thence westerly to the Rocky Mountains.

2. The *Mobilian*, or *Cherokee Confederacy*, occupying the country south of the line running westerly from Cape Fear to the north line of Tennessee, thence west to the Mississippi, thence by the Mississippi, Arkansas, and Canadian Rivers to the Rocky Mountains.

3. The *O-chunk-o-raw*, or *Winnebago Confederacy*, extending from Lake Superior to the Arkansas River, including the Wisconsin River and Lower Ohio, and extending west to the Rocky Mountains.

4. The *Dakotah*, or *Sioux Confederacy*, extending west to the Rocky Mountains from a line running from Kewenaw Bay to the north-eastern corner of the present State of Iowa.

The lines between the different confederacies must be understood as only approximating to correctness, as Indian boundaries were never well defined.

These confederacies were generally not confederacies of Government, but were divided into a number of independent bands or tribes, often at open war with each other, and frequently unable to speak each other's dialects.

The Dakotahs, or Sioux.—The *Dakotahs*, more frequently termed *Sioux*, and also called by the French '*Les Coupe-gorge*,' or 'Cut-throats,' from their sign or symbol, which consists of drawing the lower edge of the hand across the throat, are the most powerful and war-like of all the Indian tribes. They are divided into the *Santees*, or Upper Bands, and the *Tetons*, or Lower Bands.

They are called by the Algonquin nations *Nadones-sioux*, or 'Enemies,' which was subsequently abbreviated or corrupted to 'Sioux,' a common name for the tribe among the English and French traders for the last 200 years; it is, however, a mere nickname, and excessively disagreeable to the tribes to which it is applied.

The *Santees*, or Upper Bands, consist of the following bands:—

1. The *Wahpakoota*, or 'Leaf-shooters.'
2. *Mdewakanton*, or the 'Village of the Spirit Lake,' or *Mille Lacs*.
3. *Wahpaton*, or the 'Village in the Leaves;' and
4. *Sisseton*, the 'Village of the Marsh.'

The first two of these bands resided, in 1862, in Minnesota, and originated the massacre. They are called

'Santees,' from Isanti, because they once lived near Isant Amde, one of the *Mille Lacs*.

The Tetons, or Lower Bands, comprise the following bands:—

1. *Yankton*, or 'The Village at the end.'
2. *Yanktonai*, or 'One of the End Village.'
3. *Brulé*, or 'Burnt-thighs.' ('Spotted Tail's' band.)
4. *Two-kettle*, or 'Two Boilings.'
5. *Sisapapa*, or 'Black-feet.'
6. *Minnecongou*, or 'Those who plant by the water.'
7. *Oncpapas*, or 'They who camp by themselves.'
8. *Sans-Arcs*, or 'No Bows.'
9. *Ogallallas*, or 'Wanderers.' ('Red Cloud's' Band.)
10. *Assineboins*, or 'Pot-boilers.'

All of whom reside in Dakotah, Montana, and Wyoming.

These Indians, comprising 14 different bands, are the most numerous tribe in the United States. Forty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty-three received rations from the Government at eleven different agencies during the year 1874. The wilder portions of this tribe, who have as yet consented to visit an agency only on an occasional raid for rations, are variously estimated from 5,000 to 10,000, making the whole number of Sioux not far from 53,000. As a whole, the Sioux are as yet unreached by civilisation, except so far as their necessities and inclinations have led them to receive rations and annuity goods from the hands of Government agents.

All the separate bands of the Sioux form a confederacy similar to that of the ancient confederacy of the Iroquois Indians. Amongst the Indians of the United States they are the only tribes which have increased in population. They are most aggressive, and wage a constant warfare against their weaker neighbours. Amongst their hereditary and implacable enemies are the Pawnees, whom they have

almost exterminated, the River and Mountain Crows, who act as a frontier police between the Northern Sioux and the white settlers of Montana, the Shoshones or Snakes, and the Utes.

Amongst their leading chiefs are 'Sitting Bull,' now engaged in hostilities in Montana with the United States troops, under Generals Terry, Crook, and Gibbon; 'Red Cloud' and 'Red Dog,' chiefs of the Ogallalla Sioux; and 'Spotted Tail,' chief of the Brulé Sioux. 'Little Crow,' who was the leader in the massacre in Minnesota of 1862, was the head chief of the Minnecongou Sioux; and up to the time of the outbreak had always been regarded as the friend of the whites.

The Sioux and the Cheyennes are about the finest in *physique*, and most independent, warlike, and self-reliant of all the tribes of the continent, and there is as much difference between them and some of the inferior tribes as there is between an American horse and an Indian pony.

The Cheyennes.—The Cheyennes, also called *Paikandoo*s or 'Cut-wrists,' are described by Catlin as a small tribe about 3,000 in number, living as neighbours to the west of the Sioux, between the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains. 'There is no finer race of men than these in North America, and none superior in stature, excepting the Osages, there being scarcely a man in the tribe full-grown who is less than six feet in height. They are undoubtedly the richest in horses of any tribe on the continent, living in the country, as they do, where great herds of wild horses are grazing on the prairies, which they catch in great numbers and vend to the Sioux, Mandans, and other tribes, as well as to the fur-traders. These people are a most desperate set of horsemen and warriors also, having carried on an almost unceasing war with the Pawnees and Black-feet from time out of mind.'

At present they number about 2,000.

The principal chief of this tribe is Ta-ke-ho-ma, or 'Little Robe.'

Moke-to-ve-to, or 'Black Kettle,' the head chief, as well as their most distinguished war chief, was killed at the battle of Washita.

The Arrapahoes.—The Arrapahoes, sometimes called 'Dirty-noses,' from their sign, which consists in seizing the nose with the thumb and fore-finger, are described by Burton as follows :—

'The Arrapahoes, generally pronounced Rapahoes (called by their Shoshone neighbours Sháretikeh, or Dog-eaters, and by the French *Gros Ventres*), are a tribe of thieves, living between the south fork of the Platte and the Arkansas Rivers. They are bounded north by the Sioux, and hunt in the same grounds with the Cheyennes. This breed is considered fierce, treacherous, and unfriendly to the whites, who have debauched and diseased them, while the Cheyennes are comparatively chaste and uninfected. The Arrapahoe is distinguished from the Dakotah by the superior gauntness of his person, and the boldness of his look; there are also minor points of difference in the mocassins, arrow-marks, and weapons.'

The Rev. Dr. Morse thus speaks of these Indians in 1820 :—'Their number is estimated at 10,000. Their country extends from the head-waters of the Kansas, south to the Rio del Norte. They are a warlike people, and often make predatory and murderous excursions on their eastern and northern neighbours.'

The tribe has, since 1820, from wars and that terrible scourge the small-pox, greatly decreased, and is now almost extinct. They now number only 1,500.

Their head chief is '*Oh-nas-tie*,' or 'Little Raven.' Mr. Richardson, who was in the habit of seeing him frequently in 1865, describes him as being the nearest

approximation he ever met to the ideal Indian. He had a fine manly form, and a humane trustworthy face; he has associated freely with the settlers in Colorado ever since the gold discoveries of 1858. He has always been on good terms with them, and in several instances prevented outbreaks of his people, who wished to avenge real or fancied injuries. In 1860, he received a medal from President Buchanan, and has been honoured in other ways by the military commanders on the Plains. When speaking of the future of his people, 'Little Raven' is always despondent, as he plainly sees that the Indian is doomed to destruction, and that a few generations at furthest will see the race extinct. Other chiefs are 'Bird Chief' and 'Yellow Bear.'

The Kiowas and Comanches.—The Kiowas and Comanches are wild and roving Indians, whose range extends over a large part of Western Texas and the southeastern portion of New Mexico and Northern Mexico.

The two tribes in 1867 numbered 2,800. The Kiowas, or 'Prairie men,' make the signs of the prairie and of drinking water. Catlin, when he visited them, describes them as being a much finer race of men than either the Comanches or Pawnees, tall and erect, with an easy and graceful gait, and long hair, cultivated frequently so as to reach nearly to the ground. He states that they have usually a fine and Roman outline of head, and are decidedly distinct from both the Comanches and Pawnees, both in appearance and language. The Kiowas have the reputation, and doubtless deserve it, of being the most rapacious, cruel, and treacherous of all the Indians of the Plains. They range mainly south of the Arkansas, and south of the Rio Grande. They have the credit of influencing the Comanches to do whatever they suggest.

The Comanches, or Camanches (*Les Serpents*), imitate

by the waving of the hand or fore-finger, the forward crawling motion of a snake. In stature they are rather low, and in person often approach to corpulency. These fierce, untamed savages roam over an immense region, living on the buffalo, and plundering Mexicans, Indians, and whites with judicial impartiality. Arabs and Tartars of the desert, they remove their villages (pitching their lodges in regular streets and squares) hundreds of miles at the shortest notice. The men are short and stout, with bright copper faces and long hair, which they ornament with glass beads and silver gewgaws.

On foot slow and awkward, but on horseback graceful, they are the most expert and daring riders in the world. In battle they sweep down upon their enemies with terrific yells, and, concealing the whole body, with the exception of one foot, behind their horses, discharge bullets or arrows over and under the animal's neck rapidly and accurately. Each has his favourite war-horse, which he regards with great affection, and only mounts when going to battle. With small arms they are familiar; but 'gun-carts,' or cannons, they hold in superstitious fear. Even the women are daring riders and hunters, lassoing antelope and shooting buffalo. They wear the hair short, tattoo their bodies, have stolid faces, and are ill-shapen and bow-legged.

These modern Spartans are most expert and skilful thieves. An old brave boasted to General Marcy that his four sons were the noblest youths in the tribe; and the chief comfort of his age, for they could steal more horses than any of their companions. They are patient and untiring—sometimes absent upon war expeditions for a year, refusing to return until they can bring the spoils of battle. When organising a war party, the chief decorates a long pole with eagle-feathers and a flag, and then, in fighting costume, chants war songs through his village.

He makes many raids upon white settlers ; but his favourite victims are Mexicans. Like all barbarians, he believes his tribe the most prosperous and powerful on earth, and, whenever the Government supplies him with blankets, sugar, or money, attributes the gifts solely to fear of Comanche prowess. Never tilling the ground, insensible alike to the comforts and wants of civilisation, daring, treacherous, and bloodthirsty, they are the Bedouins of the frontier, and the mortal terror of weaker Indians and of Mexicans. According to tradition, their ancestors came from a far country in the west, where they expect to join them after death.

Catlin says of them :—‘ In their movements they are heavy and ungraceful ; and on their feet one of the most unattractive and slovenly-looking races of Indians I have ever seen ; but the moment they mount their horses, they seem at once metamorphosed, and surprise the spectator with the ease and grace of their movements. A Comanche on his feet is out of his element, and comparatively almost as awkward as a monkey on the ground, without a limb or branch to cling to ; but the moment he lays his hand upon his horse, his *face* even becomes handsome, and he gracefully flies away like a different being.’

The Kiowas number at present about 2,000 and the Comanches 3,000.

The principal chiefs of the Kiowas are ‘ Lone Wolf ’ and ‘ Satanta,’ or ‘ White Bear.’ The latter in cunning and native diplomacy has no rival. In wealth and influence the Dakota chief, ‘ Red Cloud,’ is his rival ; but in boldness, daring, and merciless cruelty, ‘ Satanta ’ is far his superior. If a white man does him an injury, he never forgives him ; but if, on the other hand, the white man has done him a service, death alone can prevent him from paying the debt. Mr. Kitchin, who visited him in 1864, describes him as ‘ a fine-looking Indian, very

energetic, and as sharp as a briar. He and all his people treated me with much friendship. I ate my meals regularly three times a day with him in his lodge. He puts in a good deal of style—spreads a carpet for his guests to sit on, and has painted fire-boards, twenty inches wide and three feet long, ornamented with bright brass tacks driven all round the edges, which they use for tables. He has a brass French horn, which he blew vigorously when the meals were ready.' General Custer, in his 'Life on the Plains,' speaking of 'Satanta,' says:—'Aside from his character for restless barbarity and activity in conducting merciless forays against our exposed frontiers, "Satanta" is a remarkable man—remarkable for his powers of oratory, his determined warfare against the advances of civilisation, and his opposition to the abandonment of his accustomed mode of life, and its exchange for the quiet, unexciting, uneventful life of a reservation Indian.' He and 'Lone Wolf' were captured by the United States troops in 1868, and suffered imprisonment in Texas for some years; but were afterwards released.

Other important chiefs of this tribe, are 'Son of the Sun,' 'Dog Eater,' and 'Sleeping Wolf,' all of whom have visited Washington.

Some of the principal chiefs of the Comanches are 'Ten Bears,' 'Silver Brooch,' 'Wolf's Name,' 'Little Horse,' and 'Iron Mountain.'

PRINCIPAL INDIAN EVENTS SINCE 1862.

The principal Indian events which have occurred within the last fifteen years are the following:—

1. The Sioux massacre of whites in Minnesota in 1862, which resulted in the deaths of 644 men, women, and children, killed in the several massacres, and of 93 soldiers killed in battle.

2. The Sand-Creek or Chivington's massacre of Indians, which took place on November 29, 1864, when about 130 of the Cheyennes (principally women and children) were killed at Sand Creek, on the Little Arkansas River, by a large body of men under Colonel Chivington and Major Anthony.

3. Fetterman's massacre, which occurred on December 21, 1866, near Fort Phil Kearney, and resulted in the annihilation, by some of the Sioux Indians, under their celebrated chiefs, 'Red Cloud' and 'Red Dog,' of Colonel Fetterman's command, consisting of 80 men and several officers. Colonel Fetterman and his men were led into an ambuscade, and not one was left to tell the tale of their slaughter by the Indians.

4. The Indian war with the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, some of the Brulé and Ogallalla Sioux Indians, and Kiowas and Comanches in the autumn of 1868.

The principal events of this war was Colonel Forsyth's fight in September on the Arickara Fork of the Republican River, when with 51 scouts he succeeded in maintaining his position for eight days against the attacks of from 800 to 1,000 Indians under 'Roman Nose,' until his force was relieved by troops sent from Fort Wallace. Of the 51 men engaged in this fight 23 were either killed or wounded, Lieutenant Beecher and Surgeon Movers being amongst the killed, whilst Colonel Forsyth was seriously wounded.

And the battle of Washita, on December 23, 1868, when the United States troops, under the late General Custer, captured and destroyed the united winter camp of the Cheyennes under 'Black Kettle,' of the Arrapahoes under 'Little Raven,' and the Kiowas and Comanches under 'Satanta,' 'Satanka,' and 'Lone Wolf.' The result of this fight was 103 warriors left on the ground, and the capture of a large number of prisoners, together with 875

Indian ponies, and the whole of the winter supplies of the Indians. The victory, however, was not purchased without its sacrifices: amongst the killed being Major Elliott, Captain Hamilton, and 19 enlisted men; of the wounded were Major Barnitz and 13 enlisted men.

Major Elliott and the men under his command, in a charge against the Indians, became separated from the other troops, were surrounded by an overwhelming force of Indians, and cut off to a man. When their bodies were discovered, a few days after the battle, it was found that they had been horribly mutilated.

The decisive character of the victory, and the severe blow sustained by the Cheyennes, may be judged from the number of 'big' chiefs, war chiefs, and head men killed in the battle of the Washita. It was learned from the squaws, by means of Mr. Curtis, the interpreter, that the following were killed:—

Cheyennes—'Black Kettle,' chief of the band; 'Little Rock,' second chief; 'Buffalo Tongue,' 'Tall White Man,' 'Tall Owl,' 'Poor Black Elk,' 'Big Horse,' 'White Beaver,' 'Bear Tail,' 'Running Water,' 'Wolf Ear,' 'The Man that hears the Wolf,' 'Medicine Walker.'

Sioux—'Heap Timber,' and 'Tall Hat.'

Arrapahoes—'Lame Man.'

On Christmas Day a detachment of troops under Colonel Evans captured a Comanche village of sixty lodges, who surrendered after only a feeble resistance. In the meantime other troops had succeeded in capturing Satanta and 'Lone Wolf,' and on January 1 General Sheridan, in his despatch to General Sherman, was enabled to report as follows:—

'The destruction of the Comanche village by Colonel Evans's command on Christmas Day gave the final blow to the backbone of the Indian rebellion. At midnight on December 31, 1868, a delegation of the chief fighting

men of the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, twenty-one in number, arrived here on foot, their animals not being able to carry them on. They said they ruled the village, and begged for peace, and for permission for their people to come in, and asked no terms, but only for a paper to protect them from the operations of our troops while *en route*. They report the tribes in mourning for their losses. Their people are starving, having eaten up all their dogs and finding no buffalo. We had forced them into the cañons on the eastern edge of the "Staked Plains," where there was no small game or buffalo. They are in a bad fix and desire to surrender unconditionally. I acceded to their terms, and will punish them justly; and I can scarcely make an error in any punishment awarded, for they all have blood upon their hands.'

Thus ended the Indian campaign of 1868, and another laurel was added to the numbers already gained by the hero of a hundred battles, who first commenced his military career of success by a dashing charge on Indians in Oregon.

5. The massacre of the Piegons under Colonel Baker, on January 23, 1870, when 173 were killed, amongst whom were 53 women and children.

6. The brutal murder on April 11, 1873, at the Klamath Agency, of General Canby and Dr. Thomas, when engaged as Commissioners in a peace conference with 'Captain Jack' and other representative men of the tribe; Mr. Meachan, another of the Commissioners, was severely wounded. After seven months' fighting, the Indians were subdued by the military, and 'Captain Jack' and three of his principal men were tried by Court-martial and executed.

7. The war of 1876 against the Northern Sioux under the leadership of 'Sitting Bull.' This last Indian campaign, in consequence of the disastrous massacre of

General Custer and all the troops that were with him, has created so much excitement in the United States, and will probably lead to the almost immediate solution of the Indian question, that I have ventured to give a condensed account of the two principal events in the campaign; namely the fight on Rosebud Creek, on June 17, 1876, with the column under the command of General Crook; and the massacre of General Custer and his brave companions in arms on Sunday, June 25. The United States troops were divided into three columns, which were set in motion to converge on the country held by the Sioux. One of these columns came from the West under General Gibbon, down the valley of the Yellowstone, along the left bank of the river from Fort Ellis, the march being commenced on April 1. Another column came from the East under the officer in supreme command, General Terry. He passed over the Powder River mountains into the valley of the Yellowstone; and, his march being the shorter and easier, he did not leave Fort Lincoln till May 11. The third column, under General Crook, came up from the South, having left Fort Fetterman on May 15. Thus these expeditions were moving on a common centre from hundreds of miles apart. As they approached the country of the hostile Indians, the object was to feel for the enemy, and to sweep by means of scouts large tracts of these wild mountainous and desert lands. Gibbon had to make sure that there were no Indians on the left bank of the Yellowstone, that they had not passed over that river and moved north; and Terry, after he got on the scene, commenced feeling up the southern tributaries of the Yellowstone and seeking trails. When Gibbon reached the point where the Rosebud Creek flows into the Yellowstone, he found the Indians on the opposite side encamped eighteen miles up the creek. Here he was joined by General Terry,

who had ascended the river in the steamer *Far West*. The valleys of five branches were searched, and gradually the fighting district was narrowed till it centred in the valley of the Rosebud, and the valley of the Big Horn. On Terry's column, which was almost wholly composed of Custer's regiment, the 7th Cavalry, reaching this tract, the two columns occupied a position to the north of the fighting men under 'Sitting Bull,' while Crook, in command of the 3rd—the strongest column—was to the south of the hostile Indians. The Sioux were therefore between the two—Terry, Gibbon, and Custer being in the valley of the Yellowstone, at the mouths of the tributaries; while Crook was at the head-waters of these streams. The object of the combined movement was for each column to drive the Indians before it, till the retreat of the Sioux was checked by the advance of one of the others; but 'Sitting Bull' seems to have early concentrated his warriors, heavily reinforced by the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, and other tribes. He therefore held a commanding position, which he has thus far turned to account. When Crook arrived at the head-waters of the Rosebud, learning that the camp of the Indians was in that valley as Gibbon had discovered, some eighteen miles from the mouth of the river, he immediately advanced by forced marches to attack the village; but 'Sitting Bull,' aware of his movement, took up a position, and, instead of Crook surprising 'Sitting Bull,' the latter surprised him. The battle that ensued was long and furious, and the loss on both sides severe. Crook fell back to his camp, and the Indians struck their camp and hurried away to the Little Horn River, a tributary of the Big Horn.

Meanwhile, Custer encamped at the mouth of the Rosebud, and General Gibbon broke up his camp on the north or opposite bank of the Yellowstone, and marched up the stream to the confluence of the Big

Horn, when the steamer *Far West* arrived, and with her assistance he was enabled to cross. Custer, having got all ready for the attack on the Indian camp, drew up his column on June 22, consisting of the twelve troops of the 7th Cavalry—some 14 officers and 600 men, with 180 packed mules, loaded with fifteen days' rations. On the next, the 23rd, the trail discovered by Colonel Reno was found and followed. It turned off from the Rosebud, leading over the divide to the Little Horn, where the scouts reported a large village. Custer marched all night as well as all the day of the 24th; and on Sunday morning, June 25, the village was declared to be only a few miles ahead. Custer rode in advance with his orderlies, but failed to detect any trace of what the scouts declared to be plainly visible. The village of 'Sitting Bull' was on the left bank of the Little Horn, about fifteen miles from its confluence with the Big Horn. The river on that side is fringed with timber, from the edge of which to the hills on the left—that opposite to Custer's advance—spreads a plain some miles long of bottom-land. By the bank of the river ran the tents of the Sioux, the largest village ever seen in the West, extending nearly four miles, and containing 6,000 or 7,000 people, of whom 4,000 were warriors. On the right, or the side which Custer approached, is a range of bluffs, which the cavalry crowned, and then they looked down upon 'Sitting Bull's' concentrated strength. It is probable that Custer did not correctly estimate the number of the enemy; for a considerable portion was hidden behind the wood. As he looked down the whole expanse was in commotion. Mounted bands were riding furiously around, and columns of dust arose in every direction, from out of which would shoot single warriors mounted on their swift ponies, and the cry was raised that the Indians were retreating. It may be that Custer

was deceived into this belief; for, detaching several troops, he ordered Colonel Reno to pass up, enter the valley, ford the river, and ride down on the village, while he, making the *détour* below, crossed the river and rode up, thus to hem the Sioux between the meeting squadrons. On the bluff he left four troops in reserve, with his pack mules and all the material. At the head of five troops, as the General rode down the ridge he raised his hat to the comrades he left behind, who returned the salute with a loud cheer—the last they ever saw of Custer.

Reno moved up the ridge in compliance with the instructions he had received, descended the valley, forded the river above the village, and formed in open column. Then he advanced at a trot, the pace gradually increasing until it broke into a gallop. The resistance was not serious for a considerable distance, and the first intimation of real danger was in the masses on the bluffs of the valley, opposite those down which the cavalry had descended. The fire became heavier and heavier on the flank of the column as it moved, while gradually the Indians gathered in force in front. The pressure became greater and greater, till it pushed the column towards the river, for all round the front and the left flank the Indians had become massed in overwhelming strength. Then, in order to secure the shelter of the woods, Reno dismounted his party. The Indians, in their efforts to dislodge the whites, charged across the plain, up and into the very trees. On they came, riding ponies, or running on foot, at each charge leaving many of their number before the wood from which they had recoiled; till, what happened in the advance recurred in this attempt to defend an untenable post. Soon the forest was penetrated at every point, and the attack then was in flank and in rear as well as in front.

Vain were the attempts of the officers to keep the Indians from the commanding points. They were soon again in possession of every post, and then Reno saw that he must mount and charge through timber, or, surrounded, be cut off from the reserves. The retreat became a wild scramble for life, the Indians rising up on every side, and each trooper as he galloped was the target for a dozen rifles. But fast as he pressed his horse the Indian pony was swifter still, and often the cavalryman had to contend with five or six painted warriors. Thus the retreat, at first hurried, assumed the aspect of a rout, and really became a race for the ford and life. The Indians fell fast under the revolvers of the cavalry, as they followed undaunted in pursuit. A strong party of the Red Men holding the ford attempted to bar the passage, but were ridden down in the wild flight; then the troopers crossed the river and dashed up the opposite bank under a deadly fire of the Sioux, now filling the woods which skirt the river. It was at the ford, which is narrow, that the loss was heaviest, for the crush prevented a quick passage; but as soon as the foremost soldiers crowned the hill they dismounted and opened fire on the Indians to cover the passage of their comrades, and presently the reserve left on the bluffs came up. The Indians crowded into the river both above and below the ford, and drawing together charged the hill, when they met with severe punishment at the hands of the fresh troops now brought into action.

A troop was detached along the crest of the hill to obtain intelligence of Custer; but at every step opposition strengthened till the officer was recalled in the fear his men would be surrounded and cut off. For some time Reno was left in comparative peace. Two hours passed; still there was no news of Custer. Another hour; and then Reno began to devise means for an

advance along the ridge, which he found almost impossible, hampered as he was with wounded. The officers were discussing the feasibility of such a movement when the Indians in large numbers were observed coming up the valley. The attack on Custer had evidently been concluded, and they now hoped to complete the destruction of the 7th Cavalry by the annihilation of Reno's party. The ground was hard, and the shelter imperfect; yet attempts had been made to dig rifle pits; so when the fresh assault had been delivered, the soldiers were in a measure prepared. Yet for a few minutes the lives of all hung in the balance, so desperate was the charge of the blood-stained Sioux. Hand to hand the struggle was maintained; some of the Indians who had expended their ammunition, entering with clubbed rifles, even hurling stones: and it was long before the Red Men drew off exhausted and cowed by the loss inflicted.

No sooner had the day dawned than the attack was renewed with deafening war-whoops, and now all the Indians, numbering 3,000 to 4,000, appeared to be gathered around Reno. The men had been without water 36 hours, and, as the sun grew hot, the suffering increased, and the animals showed signs of perishing, while around rose the piteous cry of the wounded for the water which flowed in a limpid stream below at a distance of some 200 yards. Though every inch of the ground was commanded by Indian sharp-shooters, Reno determined to procure a supply at all hazards. Suddenly a party sprang out of the entrenchments and rushed down the hill as if to repeat the charge on the valley. The attention of the Indians being diverted by this unexpected attack, another party with camp-kettles and canteens ran into the river, where a storm of bullets passed over their heads, for their comrades were firing at the Indians across the stream, while the Indians were firing at them. So quickly and

well was this gallant act performed that a full supply was obtained at the cost of five lives. As Dr. De Wolf had been killed, Dr. Porter alone remained to attend to the wounded, the number of whom increased rapidly. About noon on the 26th a change became evident. The Indians, who had covered the country for miles and had blocked every avenue, vanished from the bluffs and all the ground around—presently the valley became the scene of renewed commotion; the lodges were pulled down, and in groups the Red Men hurried away and disappeared in the wild hills. Until dark the stampede continued, and before the night fell, Reno's front was clear, and his command passed a quiet night. Nor was an Indian to be seen when the next day dawned.

It was eleven A.M. on June 26, that Gibbon's column, which had recommenced its forced march, observed a heavy smoke up the Little Horn about fifteen miles distant—taken to be an encouraging sign, but the scouts reported a great battle ending disastrously to Custer. The command reached the river about one P.M., and, having crossed at a good ford, was again in motion by five o'clock. Two scouts with messages for Custer were sent out, but both soon returned pursued by the Sioux who covered the hills. They began to appear on the bluffs to the right, and the column moved along prepared for battle. The force was then in a level bottom-land of considerable width, with the Little Horn on the left, and steep bluff-like lands on the right. It was in these hills the Indians were most numerous, and at nightfall heavy bodies of them were visible. General Gibbon halted, and encamped in a square, well out of rifle range from both river and bluff, the men lying on their arms. With great care the column moved with the light of the next morning up the river, the bluffs narrowing as it passed till the defile opened into a valley

beyond. It was in that valley that Custer had fought, and evidences of the struggle soon became visible to the advance guard. The scouts saw they were approaching an Indian village, and Terry received a message from the front that the advance had come on the bodies of 190 troopers, and, judging from what had been seen, there were as many more in the hills near by. As the column proceeded, it came on the remains of an immense and hastily-abandoned Indian village. Buffalo robes, elk-skins, kettles, the camp utensils used by Indians covered the ground. Wounded Indian ponies struggled here, and dead ones lay there, mixed with the bodies of horses branded 7th Cavalry. There, too, lay the head of a white man, but nowhere the body, and close by, stretched, face on ground, lay a trooper with an arrow in his back—the top of his skull crushed in. Two Indian lodges of fine white skins were next passed, around which, in funeral array, were the bodies of the horses killed, for inside were grouped a band of the slain warriors, in war paint and costume, whose spirits had gone to the happy hunting ground mounted on the spirits of the horses outside. On a shirt deeply stained with blood was written—‘Lieutenant Sturgis, 7th Cavalry.’ And now a horseman was seen riding at speed down the valley. He came to tell how Reno’s command had been found on a hill three or four miles farther up, with all that remained of the 7th Cavalry. In traversing the ground the bodies of the fallen soldiers and their horses were passed, horribly mutilated, and offensive from the heat. Where Reno had fought the dead lay mingled together in the wild confusion in which they had fallen in the *melée*, and about three miles down the valley they had ascended, on the other side of the river, was the scene of General Custer’s last defence, presenting an appearance even more horrible. On one spot lay 115 soldiers of the 7th, and

near the top of a little knoll in the centre of the plateau Custer's unmutated remains reclined as if in sleep, his face calm, and a smile on his lips. Around were the bodies of 11 officers; on his left was his brother, Captain Thomas Custer; on his right Captain Miles Keogh. Almost at his feet lay a handsome boy of 19, his nephew Reed, who insisted on accompanying the general. Not far away was the corpse of Boston Custer, another brother, and near him was Lieut. Calhoun, the husband of Custer's sister, a lady who lost in that desperate charge her husband, three brothers, and a nephew. And there, too, was Kellogg, the *Herald's* correspondent, while in various parts of the field were strewn the corpses of the officers and men lying as they fell in that fatal fight. Custer rode at the head of five troops numbering 240 men, not one of whom survived. In all, 261 were buried, and 52 wounded were brought away. The officers killed were General Custer, Colonel L. Custer, Colonel Keogh, Colonel Cooke, Colonel Yates, Lieut. Porter, Lieut. Smith, Lieut. McIntosh, Lieut. Calhoun, Lieut. Hodgson, Lieut. Riley, Lieut. Sturgis, Lieut. Crittenden. Lieut. Harrington and Assistant Surgeon Lord are missing.

An old trapper of the Yellowstone country, named Ridgely, who was a prisoner in 'Sitting Bull's' camp, is probably the only white man alive who witnessed the Custer Massacre. He was taken by the Indians in March last, and was detained, though kindly treated. Custer's movements had been closely watched for days; and the division of the force into detachments was noted with satisfaction. Ambuscades were prepared. There were two villages, the smaller only being visible to Custer, consisting of 25 tepees; but there were 75 double tepees behind the bluff. Custer attacked the smaller village, and was opposed by 1,500 to 2,000 Indians in regular order of battle. The fight was commenced in the ravine, near the

ford, and fully half of Custer's command seemed to be unhorsed at the first fire. The action only lasted 55 minutes. Ridgely's account of what followed is thus told:—'After the massacre of Custer's forces the Indians returned to camp with six soldiers as prisoners, and delirious with joy over their success; those six were tied to stakes at a wood pile in the village, and were burned to death. While the flames were torturing them to death, the Indian boys fired red-hot arrows into their quivering flesh until they died. "Sitting Bull" was met after the fight, and he exultingly remarked that he had killed many soldiers and one damned general, but he did not know who he was. The squaws then armed themselves with knives, visited the battle-field, and robbed and mutilated the bodies of the soldiers. While those soldiers were being burned the Indians turned their attention to a force, evidently Reno's, attacking the lower end of the village.' Ridgely says Custer's command had been slaughtered before a shot was fired by Reno's force, which attacked the lower end of the camp about two o'clock P.M. The Indians returned in the evening and said the men had fought like the devil, but Ridgely says they did not make a statement of their losses. They said the soldiers had been driven back twice, and they piled up stones and the attack was unsuccessful. The prisoners were kept burning for over an hour, but Ridgely was not permitted to speak with them; so we are unable to state who they were. One was noticeable from his small size and grey hair and whiskers. Reno killed more Indians than Custer, who fell in the midst of the fight; and two captains, believed to be Yates and Keogh, were the last to die. The night after the massacre the Indians were wild with delight, and many were drunk on whisky stolen from the whites. The squaws performed the duty of guards for the prisoners, and, becoming drowsy,

Ridgely and two companions escaped, securing ponies, and began their long journey homeward.

But as a pleasing contrast to this horrible massacre and disastrous campaign by the United States troops against their hostile Indians, I turn to the more fortunate and successful campaign of the present autumn by the British against some of the Indian tribes in Canada. Recent reports of this campaign are as follow :—

‘Lieutenant-Governor Morris and half-a-dozen officials have been away in the north-west territory during the past six weeks, hunting up our Indians, armed with treaties and presents, and, so far as heard from, their success has been remarkable. They have met the Indians in large numbers at different points in the territory, and we hear that on every occasion they have come off victorious—carrying away with them, as the result of each encounter, treaties signed by the chiefs of tribes, ceding their rights over immense districts of territory, and leaving behind them nothing worse than cartloads of presents for the Indians, and the memory of a visit pleasant and profitable on both sides. It is thus we hope to fight and win all our Indian campaigns. To the United States we will leave the exclusive employment on such occasions of horse, foot, and artillery. We shall be content with a contract, reduced to writing, and signed by both parties. Confidence begot of faith kept and justice observed, has ever been and will ever be, we trust, the bond of union between Canada and her red children.’

CAUSES OF INDIAN WARS.

The three principal causes of wars with the Indians are :—

First. Nonfulfilment of treaties by the United States Government.

Second. Frauds by the Indian agents, and

Third. Encroachments by the whites.

With reference to the first cause of war, namely, *breach of treaty obligations by the Government*, it is only necessary to observe that it would be extremely difficult to find *any* treaty entered into by the Government with the Indians during the last twenty years, which has been strictly and honourably fulfilled. At the same time, however, that the United States Government have not fulfilled their engagements, they have not insisted, as they might and should have done, on a strict compliance with treaty obligations by the Indians.

The philanthropic Bishop H. B. Whipple, of Minnesota, who is the champion of the peace policy with the Indians, in an important letter which he has recently addressed to the President with reference to the cause of the existing Indian war, in condemning the breach of the treaty obligations with some of the hostile tribes by which the nation's faith was pledged that no white man should enter the Indians' territory, pertinently remarks:—
 'The nation has left 300,000 men living within its borders, without a vestige of government or personal rights of property, or the slightest protection to person, property, or life. We told these heathen tribes they were independent nations, and sent out the bravest and best officers whose slightest word was as good as their bond, because the Indian would not doubt a soldier's honour, and they made a treaty pledging the nation's faith that no white man should enter that territory. I do not discuss the wisdom of this treaty, that being for others to decide, but it is the supreme law of the land, and a violation of its plain provisions is deliberate perjury. General Sherman reports that "*civilisation makes its own compact with the weaker party; it is violated, but not by the savage.*" It is done by a civilised nation. The treaty has been

universally approved, because it ended a shameful Indian war, which cost \$30,000,000 and the lives of ten white men for every Indian slain. The whole world knows we have violated the treaty, and the reason of the failure of the negotiations last year was because our own Commissioners did not have authority from Congress to offer the Indians more than one-third the sum for their lands they are already receiving under their old treaty.'

The Bishop in continuation, and in contrasting the position and treatment of the Indians by the United States Government with that of the Indians living in British possessions, paints the following two pictures, describing most forcibly the advantages of fulfilment over nonfulfilment of treaties:—

'On one side of the line is a nation that has spent \$500,000,000 in Indian wars; a people who have not one hundred miles between the Atlantic and the Pacific which has not been the scene of an Indian massacre; a Government which has not passed twenty years without an Indian war; not one Indian tribe to whom it has given Christian civilisation; and which celebrates its Centenary by another bloody Indian war. On the other side of the line are the same greedy, dominant Anglo-Saxon race, and the same heathen. They have not spent one dollar in Indian wars, and have had no Indian massacres. Why? In Canada the Indian treaties call these men "the Indian subjects of Her Majesty." When civilisation approaches them they are placed on ample reservations, receive aid in civilisation, have personal rights in property, are amenable to law, and protected by law, have schools, and Christian people send them the best teachers. We expend more than \$100 to their \$1 in caring for Indian wards.'

There is not a tribe but could furnish its list of breaches of treaty obligations; but probably in no case

could they be found greater than in the instance of the Absaraka or Crow Indians, who have always been at peace with and the friends of the whites, and have acted as the protectors of the settlers in Montana against the incursions of the hostile Northern Sioux; and yet, after having surrendered to the United States Government the greater portion of their lands in Wyoming and Montana, they have not had a single condition of the last treaty entered into with them fulfilled. I may notably mention that the Government having undertaken to educate their children, and to provide at least *thirty* schools for the tribe, had when I was in Montana, a few years ago, provided only *one*, and that of a ~~most~~ inferior character.

The Indians themselves are keenly alive to the non-fulfilment by the Government of their treaty stipulations. At a recent council with the Brulé Sioux held at the Spotted Tail Agency, with the view of inducing the Indians to remove from their present reservation to the Indian territory, 'Spotted Tail,' referring to the white man's broken faith, addressed the Commissioners as follows:—

'We have come here to meet you, my friends. We have considered the words you brought us from the Great Father, and I have made up my mind. This is the *fifth* time words have come to us from the Great Father. At the time the first treaty was made on Horse Creek there was a promise made to borrow the overland road of the Indians, and though I was a boy then they told me that promises were made to last fifty years. These promises have *not* been kept.

'The next conference we had was held with General Maynadeer, when there was no promise made, but we made friends and shook hands.

'Then there was the treaty made by General Sherman, General Sanborn, and General Harney, when we were told we should have annuities and goods for thirty-five years.

They said this, but did not tell the truth. At that time General Sherman told me the country was mine and I should select any place I wished for my reservation. I said I would take the country from the head of the White River to the Missouri. He said he would give us cows to raise cattle, mares to raise horses, and oxen and waggon to haul logs with, to haul goods and earn money that way. He said, also, there should be issues of such things as we needed to learn the arts with, and, besides that, money to every one. He told us each of us should have \$15 for an annuity. He told me these things should be carried out, and for me to go to the mouth of Whitestone and locate my people, and these things should be fulfilled to me. *But it was not true.*

‘When these promises failed to be carried out I went myself to see the Great Father, went to his house and told him these things. The Great Father told me to go home and select any place in my country I chose for my home, and go there and live with my people. I came home and selected this place and moved here. They told me if I would move here I should receive a fulfilment of the promises made to me, but all I got was *some very small cows and some old waggon that were worn out.*

‘Again, last summer you came to talk about the country, and we said we would consider the matter. We said we would leave it to the Great Father for him to settle. In reply to that he has sent you out this summer.

‘When a man has a possession that he values, and another party comes to buy it, he brings with him such good things as he wishes to purchase it with. You have come here to buy this country of us, and it would be well if you would come with the goods you have promised to give us, and to put them out of your hand so we can see the good price you propose to pay for it. Then our hearts would be glad.

'My friends, when you go back to the Great Father I want you to tell him to send us goods; send us yokes and oxen and give us waggons, so we can earn money by hauling goods from the railroad. This seems to me to be a very hard day; half of our country is at war, and we have come upon very difficult times. This war did not spring up here in our land: it was brought upon us by the children of the Great Father, who came to take our land from us without price, and who do a great many evil things. The Great Father and his children are to blame for this trouble. It has been our wish to live here peaceably; but the Great Father has filled it with soldiers, who think only of our death.'

The treaty was subsequently concluded, but in signing 'Two Strike,' one of the leading chiefs, representing one of the sub-bands of the tribe, said:—'The reason we are afraid to touch the pen and are silent before you is, because we have been deceived so many times before. If we knew the words you tell us were true, we should be willing to sign every day.'

The frauds of the Indian Agents.—These are so notorious that it is scarcely necessary to revert to them. The most significant fact, however, is that an Indian agent, with a salary of only \$1,500 or \$2,000 a year, ordinarily retires in the course of a few years with a large fortune.

Congress honestly grants the appropriations due to the Indians, but as a rule not more than from five to twenty per cent. of the actual amount due ever reaches these unfortunate wards of the Government. Usually the actual amount received by the Indians approximates more closely to the smaller than the larger per centage I have named.

Encroachments by the Whites.—These gradual occupations of the lands of the Red Men by the whites within the last thirty or forty years are apparent to any one who

will take up a map of the United States, and contrast what was *then* and what is *now* the home and hunting grounds of the Indian. The Indians have been removed or driven from time to time still farther west, and the fertile States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and parts of Missouri, have been carved out of their ancient territories. This rapid occupation of their lands cannot be better described than by quoting the testimony of an old Sioux chief, given at an Indian Council not many years since. The chief is reported to have said: 'When I was a young man (and I am now only fifty years old), I travelled with my people through the country of the Sac and Fox tribe to the great water Minne Tonkah (Mississippi), where I saw corn growing, but no white people. Continuing eastward we came to the Rock River Valley, and saw the Winnebagoes, but no white people. We then came to the Fox River Valley, and thence to the great lake (Lake Michigan), where we found a few white people in the Pottawatomie country. Thence we returned to the Sioux country at the Great Falls (Falls of St. Anthony), and had a feast of green corn with our relations who resided there. Afterwards we visited the pipe clay quarry, in the country of the Yankton Sioux, and made a feast to the "great medicine," and danced the "Sun-dance," and then returned to our hunting grounds on the Prairie. And now our "father" tells us the white man will never settle on our lands and kill our game; but see! the whites cover all these lands that I have just described, and also the lands of the Ponchas, Omahas, and Pawnees. On the south fork of the Platte the white people are finding gold, and the Arrapahoes and Cheyennes have no longer any hunting-grounds. Our country has become very small, and before our children are grown up, we shall have no more game.'

Florida, also, was wrested from the Seminoles, and

there is now not one of the aborigines to be found in this State. At the close of the Seminole war, which lasted nearly six years, 'Coacoochee,' or 'Wild Cat,' one of the most distinguished chiefs and warriors of the tribe, after having been captured by Colonel Worth, thus pathetically describes the treatment his people received at the hands of the whites, and the latter's occupation of the lands of his nation :—

'I was once a boy,' said he, in subdued tones. 'Then I saw the white man afar off. I hunted in these woods, first with a bow and arrow, then with a rifle. I saw the white man, and was told he was my enemy. *I could not shoot him as I would a wolf or a bear ; yet like these he came upon me.* Horses, cattle, and fields he took from me. He said he was my friend. He abused our women and children, and told us to go from the land. Still he gave me his hand in friendship. We took it. Whilst taking it he had a snake in the other. His tongue was forked. He lied and stung us. I asked but for a small piece of these lands, enough to plant and to live upon, far south—a spot where I could lay the ashes of my kindred. And even this has not been granted to me. *I feel the irons in my heart.*'

The Black Hills, although solemnly reserved by treaty for the sole occupation of the Sioux, have during the last two years, in spite of the efforts of the Government to prevent them, been taken possession of by miners, whilst the same thing has occurred still farther to the north-west in Northern Wyoming and Montana, where miners and others have settled in the best hunting grounds of the Crows ; the only difference in these two instances being that the Sioux, being the more warlike race, have resented these encroachments, and killed as many miners as they could ; whilst the Crows, on the other hand, who have always been at peace with and the

allies of the whites, have acquiesced in these encroachments, or restricted themselves to remonstrances to their agents.

INDIAN ATROCITIES AND WESTERN REPRISALS.

In order to attain a true knowledge of the North American Indian, it is necessary that he should be described as he really is—

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Incapable of pity, void and empty
From every drachm of mercy.

One of his most striking characteristics is the ferocity and cruelty which he displays against his enemies, be they red or white. It would be as true to depict the tiger as quiet and docile, as to represent that the Indian has one particle of consideration, feeling, or mercy towards either his enemy or captive.

The atrocities committed by the Indians against the whites in the various attacks which they have made on the emigrant trains and their capture of white women, or their raids on the settlements, are so horrible that they cannot well be described. Colonel Dodge in his book has given in the 36th and 40th chapters a few instances. The Indian records teem with these barbarities, and the western man, knowing from past experience the treatment which he and his family will receive at the hands of the Indians if captured, always, if he has the opportunity, makes arrangement to kill himself, wife, and children, rather than any of them should fall into the hands of Indians on the war path. Even officers of the United States have not disdained when engaged in Indian warfare to carry with them a small pocket Derringer pistol, loaded, to be used in the event of capture as a *dernier ressort*, so as to escape by self-inflicted death the torture to which captives are invariably subjected.

Instances of the brutal treatment of white women, captured by the Indians, are unfortunately only too numerous. I may, however, here refer to the case of Mrs. Blynn and child, who were captured by 'Satanta,' chief of the Kiowas, near Fort Lyon, while on their way to their home in the States. 'Satanta' kept her as his captive until the time of the fight of the United States' troops with the Kiowas in 1868, when, in order to prevent her recapture, she was ruthlessly murdered. When the bodies were discovered by the troops there were two bullet holes penetrating the brain, and the back of the skull was fearfully crushed, as if with a hatchet; whilst the marks on the child led to the conclusion that she had been seized by the feet and dashed against a tree.

Another case was that of the Germaine girls, who were captured on the banks of Smoky Hill River in Western Kansas, on September 10, 1874. The family consisted of father, wife, and seven children; six of whom were girls, whose ages ranged between five and twenty-one years. The following is the account given by Catherine, of the attack and of the treatment which she and her sisters received:—
 'The next morning I went down the river's bank to drive up the cattle, and when returning heard shouts and yells. Running towards the waggon I saw my poor father shot through the back and my mother tomahawked by a big Indian. They were both scalped while yet living. An old squaw ran up and stuck an axe into my father's head and left it there. Rebecca seized an axe and attempted to defend herself. She was soon overpowered, and knocked down insensible. While lying on the ground covered with blood, several Indians outraged her person. Then they tore her clothes off and covered her up with bed-clothes from the waggon. These were set on fire, and my darling sister was burned to death. Stephen was killed next, his scalp being taken. Sister

Johanna and myself were placed side by side, and they came up to inspect us and see which one they should kill. The choice fell on poor Johanna, and she was shot through the head. Tying us—Sophia, Lucy, Nancy, and myself—they hurried us across the prairie, going south. My clothes were torn from me. I was stripped naked, and painted by the old squaws, and made the wife of the chief who could catch me when fastened upon the back of a horse which was set loose on the prairie. I don't know what Indian caught me. I was made the victim of their desires—nearly all in the tribe—and was beaten and whipped time and time again. They made me carry wood and water like the squaws. I had to kill dogs and cook them for the Indians to eat. We had nothing but dog-meat and horse-meat. During the time we were away from the home camp on the Staked Plains I nearly froze. The snow was very deep, and I had nothing to keep me warm but a blanket. Both feet were frozen, and my nails came off from my feet. Sophia was with me but little of the time—where she went I don't know. I am positive I can identify every one of the seventeen members of the party that murdered my family. "Medicine Water" was with them, and I believe was the leader.'

Atrocities such as have been here indicated have roused the indignation and passion of the frontiersman beyond control, and as this feeling is reciprocated by the Indian who sees his hunting-grounds occupied and food destroyed, it has become almost impossible to exaggerate the antipathy existing between the settlers of the Western Plains and the aboriginal inhabitants. A bloody feud, and a strife utterly implacable, with the mutual purpose of extermination, exists between the two races. The Red Men wage a pitiless and incessant war of treachery against the whites. They never spare; they come in darkness and by stealth, with rifle, tomahawk, and scalping knife;

they creep up under the shadows of woods and by night to the lonely hamlet or solitary cabin, and not a man, woman, or child is left alive or un mutilated. The settler, in his turn, is equally determined and merciless. As evidence of this relentless war I would refer to the following resolutions, not many years since passed by the Idaho Legislature, for the extermination of all Indians :—

‘Resolved—That three men be appointed to select twenty-five men to go to Indian hunting, and all those who can fit themselves out shall receive a nominal sum for all scalps that they may bring in, and all who cannot fit themselves out shall be fitted out by the committee, and when they bring in scalps it shall be deducted out.

‘That for every buck scalp be paid 100 dollars, and for every squaw 50 dollars, and 25 dollars for everything in the shape of an Indian under ten years of age.

‘That each scalp shall have the curl of the head, and each man shall make oath that the said scalp was taken by the company.’

It will be observed that the hunting of men, women, and children is put on a par with the extermination of noxious and dangerous beasts, the males being designated as ‘bucks’ and the wretched young barbarians, consigned to massacre by this Herodian decree, as ‘everything in the shape of an Indian under ten years of age.’

The opinion of a friend of General May who passed twenty-five years among the Indians gives so good an illustration of Western ideas and correct mode of treatment of the Indians, that I cannot do better than give it :—

“They are the most onsartainest varmints in all creation, and I reckon tha’r not mor’n half human ; for you never seed a human, after you’d fed and treated him to the best fixins in your lodge, jest turn round and steal all your horses, or ary other thing he could lay his hands on. No, not adzackly. He would feel kinder grateful,

and ask you to spread a blanket in his lodge ef you ever passed that a-way. But the Injun he don't care shucks for you, and is ready to do you a heap of mischief as soon as he quits your feed. No, Cap.," said the western to General May, "it's not the right way to give um presents to buy peace; but ef I war governor of these yeer United States, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd invite um all to a big feast, and make b'lieve I wanted to have a big talk; and as soon as I got um all together, I'd pitch in and sculp about half of um, and then t'other half would be mighty glad to make a peace that would stick. That's the way I'd make a treaty with the dog'ond, red-bellied varmint; and as sure as you're born, Cap., that's the only way." I suggested to him the idea that there would be a lack of good faith and honour in such a proceeding, and that it would be much more in accordance with my notions of fair dealing to meet them openly in the field, and there endeavour to punish them if they deserve it. To this he replied, "'Tain't no use talk about honour with them, Cap.; they hain't got no such thing in um; and they won't show fair fight any way you can fix it. Don't they kill and sculp a white man when-ar they get the better on him? The mean varmint, they'll never behave themselves until you give um a clean out-and-out licking. They can't onderstand white folks' ways, and they won't learn um; and ef you treat um decently, they think you are afeard. You may depend on't, Cap., the only way to treat Injuns is to thrash them well at first, then the balance will sorter take to you and behave themselves."

Only a few years ago in one of the Western territories, whilst conversing with some of the leading settlers in the neighbourhood, I heard a somewhat similar plan proposed. In the instance, however, to which I refer, the speaker stated that his remedy and settlement of the Indian question would be to place all Indians on reservations,

and then, strictly confining them to their reservations, feed them with rusty bacon and condemned flour; adding that he believed that in less than a year they would all die off like rotten sheep.

With the existence, then, between them of such feelings of antipathy and animosity, it is impossible for the savage Indians and semi-civilised white men to occupy the same country. All authorities who have investigated the subject are unanimous in predicating that the Red Men are a doomed race. The edict has gone forth, '*Delenda est Carthago*;' and the Indians will as surely disappear before the progress of the more energetic and aggressive Anglo-Saxon, as the snows of winter melt away before the summer sun.

But sad as the fate of the Red Man is, yet, even as philanthropists, we must not forget that, under what appears to be one of the immutable laws of progress, the savage is giving place to a higher and more civilised race. Three hundred thousand Red Men at the present time require the entire occupation of a continent as large as Europe, in order that they may obtain an uncertain and scanty subsistence by the chase. Ought we, then, to regret if in the course of a few generations their wigwams, tepees, and mud lodges, rarely numbering more than one hundred in a village, are replaced by new cities of the West, each equalling, perhaps, in magnificence, in stately structures, and in population (exceeding that of all the Indians), either St. Louis or Chicago? Or if in supplanting less than 300,000 wandering, debased, and half-naked savages we can people the self-same district with many tens of millions of prosperous and highly civilised whites?

The countless herds of buffalo, which formerly ranged the plains, will be superseded by treble their number of improved American cattle; the sparse herds of the smooth-haired antelope will be replaced by countless

flocks of woolly sheep; and the barren prairies, now covered with the short buffalo grass, yellow sunflower, and prickly cactus, barely sufficient to support the wild denizens of the Plains, will under cultivation teem with yellow harvests of wheat and corn, providing food for millions; so that in a few years the only reminiscence of the Red Men will be the preservation of the names of some of the extinct tribes and dead chiefs in the nomenclature of the leading cities, counties, and States of the Great West.